# CONTEMPLATION:

OR,

# *The Triumph of Love.*

*Many Waters cannot quench Love, neither can the Floods drown it,* CANT. Ch. v.

*EDINBURGH:*
Printed for Meſſrs. HAMILTON and BALFOUR, 1747.

46
9, 4
82

# CONTEMPLATION.

NO longer CONTEMPLATION dwell,
Bleſt Eremite, in thy lone Cell;
But come to me, ſlow pacing Maid,
And lean thee in the ſilken Shade.

BRING *Knowledge*, free of dark Diſguiſe,
*Faith* endued with Eagle Eyes;
And Her, the tendereſt of the Three,
The youngeſt Siſter, *Charity*;
*Devotion*, taught of Heav'n to ſing,
That ſoars above on daring Wing;

And ſeldom on this Earth ſurvey'd
*Silence*, ſober ſuited Maid,
Who holds her Finger on her Mouth,
In whoſe dark Cave lurks baſhful Truth;
*Truth*, Parent of celeſtial Song,
Bring thy harmleſs *Child* along.
But from theſe Woods, O! thou retire
Hoodwinkt *Superſtition* dire;
*Zeal* that clanks her Iron Bands,
And baths in Blood her merc'leſs Hands;
Loud coung'd *Clamour* get thee far,
To wrangle at the noiſy Bar;
*Ambition* mad, that ſtems alone
The boiſt'rous Surge on Bladders born;
*Hate*, her furry Forehead bound
With a hiſſing ſnaky Round;
*Revenge*, ſtill violent and baſe,
And *Envy* with her famiſh'd Face;
But chiefly *Love*, Love far off fly,
Nor interrupt my Privacy.

CONTEMPLATION's ſober Ear
Diſdains thy Syren Song to hear;
With all thy treach'rous Train, be gone,
CONTEMPLATION's here anon.

Now on the flow'ry Turf I ly,
My Soul converſing with the Sky,
Far loſt in the bewild'ring Dream,
I wander o'er each lofty Theme.
Fain would I ſearch the perfect Laws,
That conſtant bind th' unerring Cauſe;
Why *Villany* triumphant ſhines,
When *Honeſty* in Chains declines;
The Good, their Virtues all forgot,
Mourn, *Need* ſevere, their deſtin'd Lot;
While *Vice*, invited by the Great,
Feaſts under Canopies of State.
Next the bold Enquiry tries
To ſearch our various Paſſion's Riſe;
This Moment *Hope* exalts the Breaſt,

The next it ſinks by Fear depreſt;
The Storms of *Rage* now fierce begin,
Now all is gentle, calm within;
How we in conſtant Friendſhips join,
How in conſtant Hates combine;
And how, in each unguarded Part,
RACELIA ſoft aſſails my Heart.
Ah me! what, helpleſs, have I ſaid,
Unhappy, by myſelf betray'd?
I deem'd, but ah! I deem'd in vain,
From the dear Image to refrain;
For when I fixt my muſing Thought
Far on ſolemn Views remote,
When wand'ring in th' uncertain Round
Of mazy Doubt, no End I found;
O my unbleſt and erring Feet!
What moſt I ſought to ſhun, ye meet.
Come, my ſerious Maid, again,
Come, and try another Strain,

Let

Let us Nature's Dome explore,
Where dwells retir'd the Matron hoar,
There her wond'rous Works ſurvey,
And drive the Intruder *Love* away.
'Tis done; aſcending Heaven's Height,
CONTEMPLATION, take thy Flight,
Behold the Sun through Heav'n's wide Space,
Strong as a Giant run his Race;
Behold the Moon exert her Light,
As bluſhing Bride on her Love Night;
Behold the Siſter ſtarry Train,
Her Bride Maids mount the azure Plain:
See where the Snows their Treaſures keep,
The Chambers where the loud Winds ſleep;
Where the collected Rains abide,
Till Heaven ſet all its Windows wide,
Precipitate from High to pour,
And drown in Violence of Show'r;
Or, gently ſtrain'd, they waſh the Earth,
And raiſe the tender Fruits to Birth.

See where Thunder ſprings its Mine,
Where the Paths of Lightning ſhine;
Or tir'd thoſe Heights ſtill to purſue,
From Heav'n deſcending with the Dew,
That ſoft impregns the youthful Mead,
Where thouſand Flow'rs exalt the Head,
To mark how Nature's Hand beſtows
Abundant Grace on all that grows,
Tinges with Pencil ſlow, unſeen,
The Graſs that cloaths the Valley green,
Or ſpreads the Tulips parted Streaks,
Or ſanguine dyes the Roſes Cheeks,
Or points with Light RACELIA's Eyes,
Or forms her Boſom's ſnowy Riſe.
Ah! haunting Spirit, art thou there,
Forbidden in thoſe Walk's t' appear?
I thought, O *Love!* thou would'ſt diſdain
To mix with Wiſdom's black ſtaid Train;
But when my curious ſearching Look
A nice Survey of Nature took,

Well pleas'd, the Matron ſet to ſhow
Her Miſtreſs Work on Earth below.
Then fruitleſs *Knowledge* turn aſide,
What other Art remains untry'd?
*Devotion*, come with ſober Pace,
Full of Thought, and full of Grace;
While humbled on the Earth I ly,
Wrapt in the Viſion of the Sky,
To noble Heights, and ſolemn Views,
Wing my Heav'n-aſpiring Muſe;
Teach me to ſcorn, by thee refin'd,
The low Delights of human Kind,
Sure thine; to put to Flight the Boy
Of Laughter, Sport, and idle Joy;
O plant thoſe guarded Groves about
And keep the treach'rous Felon out.

And ſee the ſpreading Gates unfold,
Diſplay'd the ſacred Leaves of Gold.

Let

Let me with holy Awe repair,
To the ſolemn Houſe of Pray'r;
And as I go, O thou my Heart,
Forget each low and earthly Part;
Religion enter thou my Breaſt,
A mild and acceptable Gueſt;
Put off, in Contemplation drown'd,
Each ſinful Thought in holy Ground,
And cautious tread, with awful Fear,
The Courts of Heav'n;—For God is here.
Now my grateful Voice I raiſe;
Ye Angels ſwell a Mortal's Praiſe,
To charm with your own Harmony,
The Ear of him who rules on high.
" Beſtow, propitious heav'nly Pow'r,
" Whoſe Love benign we feel each Hour,
" An equal Lot on Earth to ſhare,
" Nor rich nor poor, my humble Pray'r;
" Leſt I forget, exalted proud,
" The Hand Supreme that gave the Good;

" Leſt

" Leſt Want o'er Virtue may prevail,
" And I put forth my Hand to ſteal:
" But if thy ſovereign Will ſhall grant
" The Wealth I neither ask nor want,
" May I the Widow's Need ſupply,
" And wipe the Tears from Sorrow's Eye;
" May the weary Wand'rer's Feet
" From me a bleſt Reception meet.
" But if Contempt, and low Eſtate,
" Be the Aſſignment of my Fate,
" O! may no Hopes of Gain entice,
" To tread the green broad Path of Vice:
" And bounteous, O! vouchſafe to clear
" The Errors of a Mind ſincere;
" Illumine thou a ſearching Mind,
" Groping after Truth and blind,
" With Stores of beauteous Science fraught
" That Bards have dream'd, or Sages taught:
" And chief the Heav'n-born Strain impart,
" A Muſe according to thy Heart,

" That, rapt in ſacred Extaſie,
" I may ſing, and ſing of thee,
" Inſtructing Mankind in thy Laws,
" Bleſt Poet! in fair Virtue's Cauſe:
" Give Friendſhip's ſacred Charms to know,
" The greateſt Good of Man below,
" The indiſſoluble Tye that binds,
" In pleaſing Chains, two Siſter Minds;
" Not ſuch as ſervile Int'reſts chuſe,
" From Fortune's Smiles and ſordid Views;
" Nor when the Midnight Banquet fires
" The Choice of Wine, inflam'd Deſires,
" When the ſhort Fellowſhips proceed
" From caſual Mirth and wicked Deed,
" 'Till the next Morn eſtranges quite
" The Partners of one guilty Night.
" But ſuch as Wiſdom long has weigh'd,
" And Years of Faithfulneſs have try'd,
" Whoſe tender Mind is fram'd to ſhare
" The equal Portion of my Care;



" Whoſe

" Whoſe Thoughts my Happineſs employs,
" Sincere who joys in my Joys;
" With whom, in Raptures, I may ſtray
" Thro' Study's long and narrow Way;
" Obſcurely bleſt in Joys alone,
" To the excluded World unknown,
" Forſook the long fantaſtic Train
" Of Flatt'ry, Mirth, all falſe and vain!
" On whoſe ſoft and gentle Breaſt,
" My weary Soul may take her Reſt;
" While the ſtill tender Look and kind
" Fair ſpringing from the ſpotleſs Mind,
" My perfected Delights enſure,
" To laſt immortal free and pure.
" Grant Heav'n, if Heav'n means Bliſs for me,
" RACELIA ſuch, and long may be."
Ah me, my Soul! whence ſprung the Pray'r?
From Piety or from Deſpair*,

* *See Pope's Eloiſa to Abelard.*

In vain Love's Fugitive I try,
From the commanding Power to fly;
Still dwells for ever, in my Sight,
The pleasing Image of Delight.
When Grace was dawning on my Soul,
Possest by Heav'n entire and whole,
Why did'st thou, cruel Love! again
Drag me back to Earth and Pain?
Well hop'd I, Love, thou would'st retire
Before the blest *Jessean* Lyre,
Devotion's Harp would charm to Rest
The Evil Spirit in my Breast;
But the deaf Adder fell disdains,
Unlist'ning to the Chaunter's Strains.
CONTEMPLATION, baffled Maid,
Remains there yet no other Aid?
Helpless and weary, must thou yield
To Love supreme in every Field,
Let *Melancholy* last engage,
Sad and hoary mantled Sage!

When

When he his Enſigns ſhall diſplay,
Mirth and Love will fly away,
And bring with him his due Compear
*Silence* ſad, forlorn and drear.

HASTE thee, *Silence*, haſte and go
To ſearch the gloomy World below;
My trembling Steps, O *Sybil*, lead
Thro' the Dominion of the Dead,
Where Care, enjoying ſoft Repoſe,
Lays down the Burden of his Woes;
Where meritorious Want no more,
Shiv'ring, begs at Grandeur's Door.
Unconſcious Grandeur, ſeal'd his Eyes,
On the mould'ring Purple lies.
In the dim religious Round,
The Power of Speech, in Chains, lies bound,
And ſee a Tomb, its Gates diſplay'd,
Expands an everlaſting Shade;

O ye Inhabitants that dwell,
Each forgotten in your Cell,
O ſay, For whom, of human Race,
Has Fate decreed this dwelling Place?
And, hark, methinks a Spirit calls,
Low Winds the Whiſper round the Walls;
A Voice, the ſluggiſh Air that breaks,
Solemn amid the Silence ſpeaks,
Miſtaken Man! that ſeek'ſt to know
What, known, will but afflict with Woe.
There thy RACELIA ſhall abide,
With the pale Bridegroom reſt a Bride;
The Wan Aſſiſtants there ſhall lay,
In Weeds of Death, her beauteous Clay.

O Words of Woe, what do I hear?
What Sounds invade a Lover's Ear?
Muſt then thy Beauties by and by,
In this cold dreary Manſion ly?
Good Heav'n retard, for thine the Pow'r,
The Wheels of Time that roll the Hour.

But

But ah! why ſwells my Breaſt with Fears?
Why ſtart the interdicted Tears?
Love, do'ſt thou tempt again? Depart,
Thou Devil caſt out from my Heart.
Sad I forſook the Feaſt, the Ball,
In ſunny Bow'r and lofty Hall,
Where to exalt the raptur'd Soul,
Thou mix'd the Mirth-inſpiring Bowl;
And ſought this Dungeon of *Deſpair*;
Yet thou overtak'ſt me here.
How little dream'd I thee to find
In this lone State of human kind!
Nor Melancholy can prevail,
The direful Deed, nor diſmal Tale,
Hop'd I for theſe thou wouldſt remove?
How near a-kin is Grief to Love!
Then no more I ſtrive to ſhun
Thy Snares, O Love! Thy Will be done.
The beſt Phyſician here I find,
To cure a ſore diſeaſed Mind,

To Death, unhappy Youth, apply,
Thy ſureſt Remedy to dy;
Soon will this melancholy Gloom,
Yield a weary Suff'rer Room;
No more a Slave to Love decreed,
At Eaſe and free among the Dead.
Go to then, Tears, ne'er ceaſe to flow,
In full Satiety of Woe.
Tho' now the Maid my Heart alarms,
Severe and mighty in her Charms,
Doom'd to obey, in Bondage preſt,
The Tyrant Love's Commands unbleſt;
Paſs but ſome fleeting Moments o'er,
This rebel Heart ſhall beat no more.
Then, from my dark and cloſing Eye,
The Form belov'd ſhall ever fly;
The Tyranny of Love ſhall ceaſe,
Both laid down to ſleep in Peace,
To ſhare alike our mortal Lot,
Her Beauties, and my Cares forgot.

*FINIS.*

BRITISH MUSEUM